

The Indiana State Sentinel.

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL 15, 1847.

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL 10, 1847.
Some editorial notices are omitted in consequence of a desire to make room for a large amount of interesting war news.

The Whigs and the War.

The whigs have had a variety of party names in their time, more or less significant of their political predilections; but the one they live up to most consistently is that of the "war party in peace and peace party in war." They earned that before the war of 1812, and no one can dispute that they nobly stood up to it ever since. Just before the present contest with Mexico commenced, they were the party which knocked us out of a chance of war with Great Britain;—they were so chock full of peace that they were less than a brush with two of three nations at once seemed likely to stay their storm. And so when the news of the first battle of Palo Alto, the first snuff of a war they were full of peace. Their members of Congress voted peace, and that they should be exterminated forthwith. But no sooner did they find that we actually had a war on our hands, than they relapsed into their natural condition. For when we suppose they couldn't help it. What is bred in the bone will appear in the flesh. The war had come and therefore they were bound to be for peace. As soon as peace is made, their patriotism will breeze up again, and we shall find them the most bellicose fellows in the world. If any one doubts this fact, let him wait a few months and he will be satisfied that it is so.

It might be supposed that they exhibit some inconsistency in this matter. They are all and now that we have war,—mind, if there was peace it would be quite different,—declare that the war is a hostile war,—a most unjust war,—a devilish war,—that we are the aggressors in every point of view, and the Mexicans are a kind hearted, innocent, much injured people,—that they are all in the right and we are all in wrong; yet still whenever our troops gain a battle they pretend to shout as loud as anybody, and declare that they themselves did all the fighting. If the war is as unjust as they say it is, and the Mexicans are such an honorable, high minded, generous, humane, gentlemanly, and much abused set of people as they declare they are, we should like to know what business they have to rejoice at their misfortunes. They ought to put on crape and go into mourning for the losses suffered by their dear friends in the recent battles. We have in truth been somewhat surprised, that their organs of benevolence have not been more excited by the suffering state of Santa Anna's army. The poor ragamuffins have been famishing for want of provisions. Why don't the whigs appoint committees to solicit contributions for their relief?

Then every once in a while they get into spasms about other little incidental matters. A few days ago they were furious about the injustice done to old Zack, in taking away all his best men and leaving him and his little band to be overwhelmed and eaten up by Santa Anna. They declared that Polk did it, and for no purpose in the world but to keep old Zack from winning any more glory. For about a week or two the whole whig press was pouring out anathemas upon Polk for doing this thing. But now that it has turned out that old Zack had men enough, and the plan of the campaign is likely to turn out well, they'll swear every man of them until they are black and blue that Polk had nothing at all to do with it. Now according to their doctrines, old Zack, and his little army has been guilty of robbery and murder by the wholesale. They have slaughtered three or four thousand honest Mexicans, for no reason in the world but because they were endeavoring to defend themselves against the unprovoked and unrighteous war we are waging against them. Yet old Zack's exploits in slaughtering these innocent people are sufficient in their estimation to entitle him to the office of President! They are rather queer folks, these whigs, that's a fact!

But after all, we must not think these are really inconsistencies. In their nature. They love war in peace and they love peace in time of war, but then they love leaves and fishes better. This last love is their first love, and nothing can be more faithful and constant than their devotion for office. There is no danger that they will ever render themselves liable to an action for breach of promise, by their courtships on that score.

Now, notwithstanding their horror of the war, after they had got the first snuff or two, the idea forced itself upon them, that old Zack might win glory enough to run him into the Presidency. They knew well enough that their political credit was pretty well blown out, and that unless they could pitch upon some whig who had something else to recommend him, besides his whiggery, there was a slim chance for getting their noses into the treasury bag again. Therefore, they are quite consistent in glorifying old Zack while they denounce the war.

Besides, all this will be right as soon as peace is made and they become the war party again, which they will be of course. Then they can pile on the glory without any compunction, and take credit for killing every Mexican who has been slain in the contest.

For ourselves, we believe that old Zack is too good a soldier to be guilty of a whig. He drubs the Mexicans as if he was in earnest, and don't seem to trouble himself much about the injustice of the war. If he was a good true blue whig we couldn't think much of his conscience. He won't be defeated when his brother whigs declare he must and ought to be, just to show that Polk has made out the war badly.

There never was any thing so *malapropos*, than this last battle of Buena Vista. Every whig in the country was pitying Taylor, and denouncing Polk for taking away his troops. He ought to have suffered himself to be whipped, just to satisfy whiggery, but he wouldn't. Therefore we have good reason to doubt his orthodoxy.

Upon the whole, whiggery is rather a curious thing, but it is not very inconsistent when we come to examine it closely. It always goes under a mask, but its nose will stick out, and by that sign it may be known. It was just the same in the war of 1812 that it is in this war, with all its vagaries and apparent inconsistencies.

By the bye—it is surmised now that the war may soon come to a close, since Santa Anna has been so thoroughly whipped. If peace is made, we suggest to the administration to have the treaty before the Senate for ratification as speedily as possible, for the danger is, that as soon as the fighting is over the whigs will, in the natural course of things, be for war again, and their members will do all they can to prevent the treaty from being ratified. We'll bet two to one this will be the case.

BUENA VISTA, February 28, 1847.

My dear Friend—The battle has been fought and the victory won. I am happy in announcing the result, as it has been gained against an immense superiority of numbers. The particulars and details you will see in the newspapers. Our forces were—all told—about 4500 men, the whole of them volunteers, except the light artillery, and one squadron of cavalry under Col. May. The enemy's force was about 20,000 as they themselves admit, commanded by Santa Anna in person.

Our loss has been very severe—270 killed, 400 wounded. The enemy lost, it is conjectured, at least 1000 in killed, and 1500 wounded; but their greatest loss was from desertions, particularly after the battle—amounting to thousands. The prisoners which we took were nearly finished. We have continued to take stragglers ever since the 23d. Santa Anna has gone back to San Luis, and his army is mostly dispersed, and the prospect now is, that we shall have no more fighting until Santa Anna recruits another army.

This victory far surpasses any other in this war; in fact, it has no parallel on this continent, and has placed the reputation of the volunteers above the reach of all slander and calumny. It was a bloody day, and many a heart in Indiana will be stricken with sorrow when the news arrives, as many a family will be called to mourn the loss of one or more of its members. But the gallant dead will be remembered by a grateful country.

The enemy were guilty of many acts of barbarity during the action, in killing our wounded and stripping and robbing the dead. Capt. Kinder, a noble, gallant young officer, whom we all loved so well, had been wounded severely early in the action, and placed in a wagon to be carried to the rear to have his wound dressed, but the escort was overtaken by the Lancers, and Kinder was, although wounded and unarmed, foully murdered by those fiends, his pockets robbed, and he stripped and left in that condition. How my heart bleeds at the recital, and how deeply I sympathize with his parents. I know his father very well. I have but little to say of myself, others will speak for me. Gen. Lane has covered himself with immortal honor. He was the only general who exposed himself in the thickest of the fight, although Gen. Taylor was at times exposed, and actually received two or three balls through his clothes. Santa Anna had with him his choicest troops, the flower of his army—it was the army of the Mexican Republic.

Gen. Lane was wounded early in the action by a musket ball through the arm, the bone uninjured. He remained on the field all day and refused to have it dressed until the battle was ended. No one would have known that he was hurt, but for the blood running down over his clothes. He has been on duty every day since.

But adieu. Write me often. I hope ere long to be again in Indiana, and to see my friends. I escaped almost by a miracle, as I was by Gen. Lane's side all day, and the bullets flew like hail.

Remember me to my friends and acquaintances, and know me as ever, sincerely your friend,

A. L. ROBINSON.

DR. L. DUNLAP.

CAMARGO, March 12, 1847.

Friend Chapman—From the above date you may readily fancy as "up and at 'em guards." The order for Saltillo direct came just in the nick of time. Matamoros was becoming most infernally dull, and as the Mexicans had all "vomited el rancho," carrying with them every beautiful cigarito smoker in the place, I might add after the style of friend Watts, most infernally tedious and tasteless too. On Monday the 8th instant, we bundled up our duds, consisting of two check shirts, one pair of socks, &c. &c., took possession of the cabin and decks of the steamer Whiteville, and puffed ourselves to Camargo, landing in double quick time.

Col. Curtis marched last Sunday for up country, where all is confusion—fighting, surprising, and murdering. Taylor has fought and vanquished Santa Anna in a battle, which at the same time that it will have a weighty and forcible argument for a speedy conclusion of the war, will not leave a rag of popularity on the back of the old-legged hero of San Jacinto. Taylor went into the field with 4500 volunteers at his back. Santa Anna assaulted him with 21,000 of the soldiers whom he has been cultivating so long at San Luis. After a bloody contest of two days and the greater part of one night, the latter sounded retreat, and hurried off his military carriage for Agua Nueva. 4000 Mexicans were left unburied on the field; while 1600 more have fallen prisoners of war into the hands of the victor. A victory so great, so unprecedentedly glorious, could not of course be purchased without loss on our side. Among the 700 heroes who were slain and wounded on that bloody day, we, who knew him from infancy, have to mourn the death of Captain Kinder. Poor Trus! The glory which shall forever shine upon the field which was his death-bed, and which shall reflect lustre upon thy name and fate, is but sorry consolation for the loss this death inflicts upon country and friends. Peace, though, to his manes. When we reach Saltillo, we will mark his resting-place, and save it from obliteration and disrespect.

A train of 260 wagons was attacked just beyond Cerralvo and captured by Urrea. The infernal devil heaped the wagons into a vast pyramid, threw into them the bodies of the teamsters, whom he had previously murdered, and setting fire torch to them, blotted his country with infamy, while he himself bordered his own pocket with a lion's share of \$150,000 which at the time was being conveyed to Monterey.

Major Gidding, returning from Monterey to Camargo with 4000 Mexicans, attacked 1800 Mexicans, killed a great number, chased the rest out of town, and amply revenged the loss we ourselves sustained. From such incident you may infer that we are getting into a rather torrid neighborhood. Give us your best wishes though, and we will win names for ourselves and State, which will set us for valor and chivalry along side of Kentucky and Virginia.

In conclusion, old fellow, the Hoosiers in Mexico have adopted a motto and a battle cry.

Indiana forever!

Your friend,

LEW. WALLACE.

Those who have friends in the army, (says the Louisville Courier,) will be pleased to learn that the Postmaster General has ordered a placard to be placed on all the post offices, announcing that letters written to those employed in the army, and endorsed "belonging to the army," will be sent free of postage.

The price of bread is now higher in Paris than it has been for the last fifty years.

Death of Captain Kinder.

PHILOLOGICAL HALL, April 5, 1847.

Since it has been the will of an Almighty Providence to call from time to eternity our beloved brother and friend, we feel it a sacred duty to pay this feeble tribute of respect to his memory. We had fervently hoped that our country's colors might have waved in triumph over those we loved, and bore them back in safety to the soil of freedom; that no bitter pang should rend the parent's heart, and no mourning badge tell the fate of those who fought on the bloody field. But the will was not with us, for one of that little "Philo." band has fallen. Yes it was small, though firmly bound in heart and hand to brave the hardships of a stranger land, and with returning peace to meet again around our sacred altar here unbroken. But it was a phantom hope. The minute gun has already told that T. B. Kinder is no more. In the midst of the shout, and groans, and cannon's roar, where the dripping sabre told the tale of many a gallant heart—where the spirit of friend and foe together took their peaceful flight, he too sank an early victim, and his spirit left that scene of carnage for another world. It is not for us to tell the merits of the departed one—for many know him, and many a weeping eye and heavy heart responded to the news that the open and noble-souled KINDER was gone. He was the hope of declining years, the subject of the prayers of a pious mother—an only brother—and an only son. And in this sacred hall his memory will forever live; for he was of the number who nurtured the rose around which our affections twine—and who by his frank and noble nature secured the love of all with whom he daily walked. Little did we think when last we met in this common home, when we watched that firm and steady step that told of buoyancy and health, that it soon must falter on the field of death, and that we thus parted to meet no more on earth. Yes, we parted—he to visit that home now wrapt in mourning; and we to prepare for that stage on which he acted a short, though brilliant part. But he is lost to us, his parents, his friends, and his country. The little lone field of Buena Vista has furnished a resting place for that many form, o'er which the battle smoke has cleared away and left it there to rest in peace. The sister's hand has planted no rose or evergreen there; nor at the lonely hour of twilight bedewed them with her tears. No mother was there to bear that dying groan, to soothe the aching brow, or from it wipe the clammy sweat of death. But we would add no new pang to those already felt; there is a hope that soars beyond the cold and cheerless grave, that tells those friends should fall, far away from home on earth,—the patriot's home is Heaven. Yet with those who weep we can but shed a tear of pity, and mourn with those who are thus bereft. Therefore

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the parents and friends of our deceased brother, for the loss of one thus torn away in the prime of manhood from the midst of a hopeful people; and to the surviving fellow soldiers who shared in that bloody conflict, we tender our assurance of deepest sympathy for the loss of their beloved comrade.

Resolved, In token of this, that we, as fellow members wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a written and printed copy of the above preamble and resolutions be transmitted to the parents of the deceased.

JOSEPH R. McCREA,
W. T. B. McINTIRE,
GILBERT M. DUNN,

Committee.

Correspondence of the Louisville Democrat.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 13, 1847.

Sirs: After a short and severe illness, Mrs. Allen, wife of Senator Allen of Ohio, departed this life about half past ten A. M., to-day. Mrs. Allen was a lady of plain and unassuming manners, and of retiring habits. Her loss, 'twill be severely felt by her surviving partner, who was very warmly devoted to her; and who, during her hours of sickness, clung around her bedside, with a heart overcharged with sorrow. There is some little of romance associated with the marriage of Mr. Allen, which accounts in some measure for the more than usual grief of a widower.

Allen, as you well know, emigrated from North Carolina to Ohio. He was a saddler and worked at his trade for some years in the latter State. When he ran for Congress in 1833, he had been a representative in the legislature and exhibited remarkable powers of eloquence upon the stump. He was, however, poor, and you know what a damnable crime it is to be poor!

Allen courted his now deceased wife, and was rejected not by her, but by her father, who could not see what a mechanic wanted with his daughter. This occurred while Allen was in the legislature, and may be a circumstance like many others in a man's life, that settles his destiny forever. It appeared that Allen, from that moment, was determined to shine in the world. Every energy was exerted and every discussion in the legislature but raised him higher in the estimation of the people. The man who forbade him his house, became a candidate for the House of Representatives, and immediately upon his heels, young and vigorous, came Allen. He traversed the whole district, and made speeches at every cross road. His competitor had the advantage of the district being whig, but he had neither the talent nor the address of the poor saddler. Allen was elected. He had got the better of his political opponent, but he in turn, had married his daughter to some one else. It was still a glorious triumph, and Allen held up his head, and went on, relying alone upon an honest advocacy of the people's rights for advancement and honor.

Tom. Ewing's term in the Senate expired in 1837, and the young man determined upon taking Allen up as their candidate for the successorship. The struggle came on, and the democrats, who had succeeded in obtaining a majority in the legislature, combined their strength upon Allen, and elected him. In 1849, the poor saddler, who was denied the hand of a woman because her father did not think him rich enough, will have served two terms in the Senate of the United States, from the third largest State in the Union. But what gives a better conclusion to our story is, that the lady, after being married to another for some time, lost her husband by death, she subsequently received the addresses of her first lover, who had experienced no abatement in his warmth of devotion, and finally accepted his offer of marriage. They have lived some few years in the greatest happiness, seldom being separated, and always preferring to reap pleasure in the noiseless circle of the fireside, where the pride, fame and flattery of the world are exchanged for the true, warm and just sentiments of the heart. Who cannot shed a tear of pity over such a death!

The tariff "ruin" humbug is pretty much blown to the winds, and we now begin to hear of raising wages in factories. A journal in Connecticut has the cruelty to give these paragraphs in juxtaposition, both cut from the Springfield Republican, the one in July last, the other "just now."

We understand that the Carpet Co. at Thompsonville, Ct., yesterday reduced the wages of their workmen twenty-five per cent., in view of the effect which the new tariff will immediately have upon their business.

The wages of the carpet weavers at the manufacturing in Thompsonville, Ct., have been lately advanced.

From the St. Louis Union, March 21.

FROM SANTA FE.

Highly Important Particulars.

We had the pleasure last evening, of conversing with Mr. Thos. Caldwell, the gentleman referred to in our published statement of the late engagements near Santa Fe. Mr. C. arrived on board the Bertrand, and very kindly has given us the particulars of the intelligence alluded to.

The massacre at Taos was perpetrated on the night of the 18th of January. The names of the persons killed, excepting those already published, our informant had not ascertained. The number slain was about twenty-five. Gov. Bent, the two Lees, Mr. Leal of Jefferson county, and Romulus Culver of Clinton county, were of the number. Immediately anonymous letters were sent to the surrounding settlements from Taos, urging the people to rise and massacre the invaders. One of these was received at Taos, on the east side of the mountains. On the 19th, eight Americans were at this place, and they were immediately assassinated. Among the killed were L. L. Waldo, and Benj. Prewitt, both old traders. The first intelligence of these disasters was brought to Santa Fe by Charles Town, who escaped very narrowly.

At the date of these massacres, Capt. Hendly, of Ray county, with a grazing party of 90 men was near Taos. The insurgents soon became formidable, and fortified the town. Hendly attacked them and fought for several hours, killing fifteen, and capturing eighteen others, who were subsequently sent prisoners to Santa Fe. In the engagement Hendly was killed, when finding that the insurgents could not be driven from their position, the 1st Lieutenant of the command ordered a retreat to Vegas, a town 75 miles from Santa Fe, and 25 miles from Taos. Here he halted, and reported himself to Col. Price, at Santa Fe. Col. P. immediately sent out a reinforcement of 110 men, under command of Capt. Morin, and prepared to march on Taos. Capt. Morin proceeded to Vegas, and about the 25th January joined the late command of Hendly. The party then proceeded to Taos, but on its approach, the inhabitants fled. Taos had a population of about 2000, nearly all of whom took to the mountains. Our force then destroyed the place, with the exception of three edifices, occupied by invalids. The ranches far and wide, were also laid waste. At last accounts the work of destruction was going on.

Col. Price, as stated, prepared to make a descent upon Taos. He took 350 men and several pieces of artillery, and was joined by Mr. St. Vrain, of the firm of Brent & St. Vrain, with 50 clerks and employers, and immediately marched for Taos. At La Carada, about 25 miles from Santa Fe, he encountered a body of the enemy, 2000 strong, and at once engaged them. The struggle was short but sanguinary; a simultaneous discharge of cannon and rifles from our forces brought 35 of the enemy to the dust, when the rest, discharging their pieces, precipitately fled. Some seven or eight Americans were wounded, but none killed. The wounded were nearly all of the artillery.

Col. Price and his command next proceeded in the direction of Taos, and at a pass in the mountains called Lambado, 20 miles from Taos, again encountered the enemy. It is said that at this point a great number of Mexicans were killed, but no Americans. The enemy were driven from the pass, and our little army continued its march to complete the work of vengeance by the destruction of Taos. The particulars of the latter engagement our informant learned after he had left Santa Fe.

It will be seen from the foregoing statements that the account previously published was in many respects both incomplete and erroneous. It was made up we learn from rumor.

We further learn from Mr. Caldwell that Col. Doniphan would doubtless march on Chihuahua as soon as his artillery should arrive. He had intercepted a letter from the commandant at Chihuahua, to the former commandant at El Paso, which stated that Gen. Wool had taken Parras, and was on his way north. This would doubtless determine Doniphan's course. The opinion of Mr. C. is, that even without Wool's presence, Chihuahua could be taken and held by this force at El Paso.

Mr. C. left Santa Fe with 12 men and several wagons, and had in charge a large mail. He left his company 25 miles this side of the Arkansas crossing, and pushed on. He thinks they will be in about ten days.

From the Gulf.

[Correspondence of the Commercial Times.]

U. S. GULF SQUADRON, OFF VERA CRUZ,

March 13, 1847.

Gentlemen—I seize a moment of leisure, at a late hour of the night, to write to you and give to you an outline of the movements of the army and navy for the last three days. On the morning of the 9th instant, the squadron got under way from Antonio Lizardo, with the squadron of transports, having on board Gen. Scott's army. The "flying artillery of the squadron," as the small steamers and schooners are called—taking the lead at 4 o'clock, P. M. The schooners anchored within one quarter of a mile of the shore, and the disembarkation of the troops commenced by all the boats of the squadron. At dark, a body of dragoons of the Mexicans made their appearance on the hill, but were soon dispersed by the fire kept up from the steamer Spitfire and schooner Petrel. On the 10th, renewed activity secured the landing of all the troops, the enemy appearing in great numbers on a neighboring hill. They were attacked and driven from their position. In an hour or two they took a stand on the summit of another hill, our gallant little army pushed on and dislodged them; they retreated. During the night they attacked our army with a large body of cavalry—reports says 1500—in which the Mexicans met with great loss; 100 killed, many wounded, and 50 horses taken. During this time, the guns on the city wall kept up a very severe firing on our troops, while a small fort and the castle were firing on our small vessels. On the morning of the 11th, the main body of the Mexicans, 1200 cavalry, 3000 infantry and artillery, engaged our forces, and they were completely defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons. All behaved most gallantly, and our loss was most surprising—but two killed and three wounded; among the wounded was the gallant Lieut. Col. Dickenson, of the South Carolina volunteers. One of the Pennsylvania regiments of volunteers is spoken of in high praise. They attracted attention, from the fact, that when the Mexican cavalry charged on them, there seemed to be a moment of faltering; in an instant they recovered, and charged on the enemy like tigers—winning their praise.

But this is due to all; the whole army are the most determined set of men I ever saw. Their motto appears to be, "Do or die."

Our naval force is too small to dream of attacking the Castle bodily, and upon its front; but I understand that all the smaller vessels are to go in close to the town and in shore, side of the Castle to-day or to-morrow; certainly as soon as Gen. Scott and Commodore Conner gives the signal for a general attack. The navy is in a perfect state of frenzy to get at the Castle and town; they are working like horses, day and night, to get the army appliances on shore—guns, horses, provisions, &c. This all done, the army will attack the city by land, and by water. The next news you hear, I hope will be the surrender of Vera Cruz, and the fall of the Castle ere long. They have 3000 men in it and can't hold out long. I must close.

I am truly so fatigued, I can write no more to-night, and to-morrow may be a day of military and naval glory to us.

Yours, with esteem,

[Correspondence of the N. O. Commercial Times.]

FROM THE U. S. TRANSPORT SHIPS,

POINT ANTONIO LIZARDO, March 13.

Gentlemen—I avail myself of the opportunity of letting you know of the doings in these quarters. Gen. Scott had determined to make his first attack and movement against Vera Cruz on the 7th, but as it seemed there was going to be a norther, a little delay took place. However, on the 8th, there was fine weather and a smooth sea, wind from S. E. to East. 9th, calm and fine weather. The old General would not wait any longer, but at 8 A. M., made signals for troops, ships and all other vessels to proceed to Sacrificos. At 9 P. M., all the ships were ready with their boats and crew. The lines were then formed, and at 4 P. M., were started for the beach, three miles to the eastward of Vera Cruz; and in half an hour seven thousand men were landed on the beach and soil of Mexico, without seeing an enemy to repel them. By 12 o'clock that night, we had landed 12,000 men and nine pieces of cannon, and placed the night guard. At 2 A. M., the enemy made an attack on our troops, which lasted until 30 minutes past 2 A. M., when he retreated, leaving one of our men wounded. At daylight on the 10th, our troops formed in line of battle and marched forward. At 8 A. M., they got two howitzers of Captain Talcott's 4th artillery, to bear on the enemy, which soon caused them to retreat, our troops following closely at their heels, and driving them from height to height, in a dreadful hot sun, and among high sand hills. At 4 P. M., our troops, after having had several skirmishes with the enemy, got possession of the high hills at the back of Vera Cruz, within the range of the enemy's bomb shells, which formed quite an interesting scene to us, bursting in the air, and some of them falling down harmless in the sand hills. One of them we picked up, was nothing less than a 13 inch shell. There were also several 15 and 24 pounds shot. Our troops, the meanwhile, were very quietly approaching and cutting off the supplies of the city. The men had this night a very quiet sleep, and were not at all disturbed. At day-light, the 11th, we had over twenty pieces of cannon on shore. The enemy woke us up with a morning salute of a few bombs and rockets; all this day employed in getting camp equipment, tents and provisions on shore until 3 P. M., when our troops had another brush with the enemy; a report coming in that there were 150 Mexican cavalry taken prisoners, but do not believe it, as I was at General Scott's and General Worth's tents, and did not hear it.

At 5 P. M. I left the shore, after having proposed to Gen. Scott and Worth to let us turn our ships into bomb ketches, to lie within gun shot of Vera Cruz, to the eastward of the point, in ten feet water, and blow the town down. I am to have an answer; they will give it their thoughts; and perhaps, which I ardently desire, their approval. Com. Conner's fleet consists of two frigates, three sloops of war, one brig, do., three steamers and five gun boats, all of which lie very comfortably under the island of Sacrificos, surrounded by American merchantmen and foreign vessels of war out of shot reach of the enemy.

I have been all day on the hills with Gen. Worth and his officers reconnoitering the town, to ascertain where the water leads. To-night they cut off the water. Every appearance indicating a norther. I go down to Antonio Lizardo this evening.

Friday, the 13th.—As I thought, we have this day a norther. I have omitted telling you that we have the French bark Sultan in here as a prize; she tried to run the blockade.

Yours, TAREBUCKET.

STRAWTOWN, Ia. April 6th, 1847.

I see in the Journal of the 30th of March, the following:

"Congress did one good thing at least at its late session. It appropriated five hundred thousand dollars, to purchase provisions for the famishing thousands of Ireland."—*Lafayette Free Press.*

Mistaken, major. It was defeated by the locofocos of the House.

Now, sir, I wish to know if Congress by our constitution or laws, can take money out of the treasury of the United States, and send it to Ireland to feed the starving subjects of a foreign power. We may all feel for them, which every good citizen ought to do, and as a Christian, put his hand in his own pocket and take therefrom for their relief, but for any party to throw the blame on the other for not passing such a bill in Congress, is stooping to small things, when at the same time many of that said party think it unconstitutional to appropriate money to support our own poor troops that are now fighting in Mexico.

Now, sir, if you know of any law or authority that Congress has to give away money, inform me; or if any of your able lawyers can inform you of it, let them do so; as for myself, I know of none. I understand that no public money is to be taken for private uses.

Yours, respectfully, J. COLIP.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN, Indianapolis.

ANTI-RENTERS.—Mr. Van Rensselaer complains to the Legislature of the tax on leasehold property, but is willing to sell his land for two dollars an acre! What a commentary this is on the anti-rent rebellion! Men, meeting in disguise in open violation of the law, and committing murder rather than pay the rent, which, under their hand and seal, they have obligated themselves to do, putting the State to an expense of more than \$100,000, claiming that the land which they leased ought to have been their own, when the landlord offers to sell it for two dollars an acre! There are few anti-renters leasing as much as 100 acres, and all this land they can honestly obtain from the owner for \$200, and probably on time. Was the land worth rebelling for!—N. Y. Sun.

The Springfield Republican says that an English company have made large purchases of water power near that village, and commenced erecting large mills. The new village, it is estimated, will contain five thousand inhabitants within three years to operate them.

Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are!—Job.

Yes, sir-ree.—Professor Morse.—*Poston Post.*

Obituary.

Died, on Friday, April 3, at the residence of her father, in Hancock county, Martha, daughter of Gen. Milroy, aged 30 years.

The deceased became a member of the Presbyterian church of Greenfield at its organization last autumn, and has left evidence satisfactory and highly gratifying of her acceptance with God and salvation through a crucified Redeemer.

Her sickness was protracted and her sufferings great, but her exit from earth bright and happy. The morning of her death she expressed the most perfect assurance of a Saviour's love and forgiveness; and although the loss is very great to the family of her father, in which she supplied the place of her mother, whom she has now gone to meet in Heaven, and will be deeply felt not only by many who have benefited by her kindness in sickness and distress, but also by numerous relations and friends. Yet great as is their loss, infinitely greater is her gain.